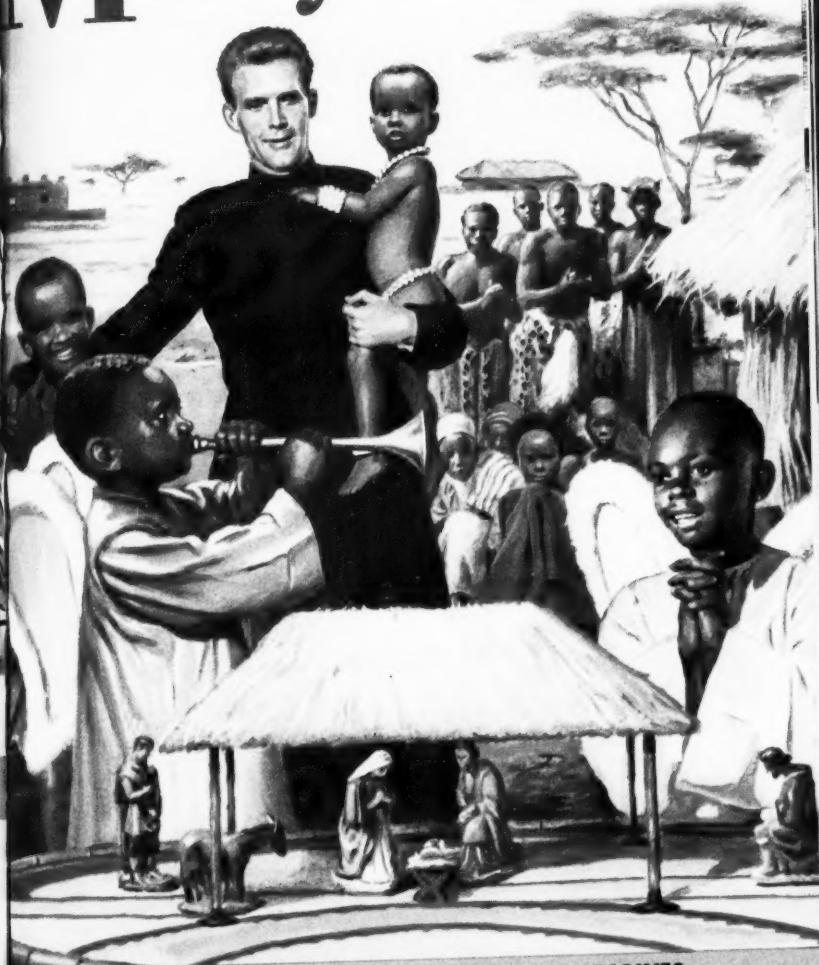


DECEMBER 1958

# Maryknoll



This Issue—CHRISTMAS AMONG THE ABORIGINES



**CRUEL GOD.** The superstition and tragedy of paganism overshadow this woman, burning joss sticks to a sword-wielding god.

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## Aborigines' Christmas

■ NEAR the center of Taiwan is a small border town called Shui Li. It lies between the inland mountains and the flatter land that slopes down to the west toward the Formosan Straits.

Shui Li is the main mission for this south-central, mountain area. Father Henry L. Faucher, its pastor, asked the language students to help him during their Christmas vacation by saying midnight Mass in some of his mission stations. I volunteered for Luna, an aborigines' village on the side of a mountain.

Father Faucher, Father Lawrence J. Connors, Mr. Lo, and I traveled to Luna by jeep the day before Christmas. The trip from Shui Li took about one and a half hours. Rain was falling. The roads snaked through the mountains, along narrow ledges cut from the

**Twentieth-century Bethlehem—  
torches light the mountain sky.**

**BY JAMES J. BODENSTEDT, M.M.**

cliffs, down to the river bed, and across the river at many places—over small wooden bridges or in the rushing waters.

We passed giant boulders, as big as houses, which had tumbled from unseen peaks above our heads during some past typhoon. We passed the remains of a new concrete bridge, built to connect roads along the river's edge. Before that bridge was opened, a typhoon sent the boulders crashing through it, destroying all but three of its spans.

We turned and twisted around

more boulders, on a "road" followed by some distant logging company and by the one-a-day bus line that crawls into the mountains. The rains continued to fall. The river rose, and the road turned to mud. At about 1:30 P.M. the four of us arrived in Luna. That day the village had running water, right down the middle of its street!

Luna has about 1,000 people living on its street and on the nearby mountain slopes. All are aborigines. Up to a generation ago, they practiced headhunting. Some of the groups still wear their tattoos. Boys and men lacked some front teeth — two apiece — which had been removed according to tribal custom.

The villagers' huts are made of mud, bamboo, and straw or grass. Each family owned at least three or four dogs. Those thin, wild-looking, hungry, hunting dogs were everywhere.

My companion for two days in Luna was Mr. Lo, a young Chinese who speaks the aboriginal language as well as Taiwanese — which I am now learning. He is a catechist and teaches Catholic doctrine to the mountain people in their own language.

While preparing our first meal, we watched the aborigines grinding rice between two round stones. They threshed it by tossing it into the air and catching it in baskets. Later

some of the clean rice was made into powder by beating it with clubs.

I thought that I might get a little sleep before midnight Mass, but Mr. Lo had other plans. He asked me to

attend the ceremony of night prayers for some 600 aborigines, who are studying the truths of the Church in preparation for baptism. Mid-

night Mass was to be attended by those 600 unbaptized pagans and one Catholic, Mr. Lo.

After night prayers the aborigines entertained us with primitive dances in a large, sloping field. We were the guests of honor. The dancing was good, even in the drizzling rain. It was very fast, with a great deal of yelling, stamping of feet, and waving of arms, much like the style of American Indians.

About three inches of soft mud covered the field. Now and then some dancer slipped and fell, or his shoes would come off in the mud. The people who were not dancing stood in a large circle and held bamboo, rag-and-kerosene torches.

At about 10:30 the dancing stopped by request of Mr. Lo. The performers would have danced all night if he had not stopped them. Before the crowd left, I gave each of the children some candy. The youngsters either stood in line themselves, or were carried on their mothers' backs in papoose style.

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.



Then at 11 P.M. we started the torchlight procession in a heavy fog. About 600 persons carried torches in the misty darkness, forming a long line winding up and down the mountain, through the village, and to the church. The whole sky glowed, as did the faces of the aborigines. It was beautiful!

Shortly after midnight the Mass began. The church is a large, mud-bamboo-straw building. The dirt floor was swept clean. The walls were decorated with colored streamers and flowers. A Christmas Crib by the rough altar built from packing boxes made me think of Bethlehem.

The 600 barefooted, black-haired, muddy parishioners sang their hearts out that night. Mr. Lo had taught them well. The Latin sounded like Latin, and the Gregorian Chant had a special primitive rhythm to it.

At Communion time I gave the Body of Christ to Mr. Lo, the only Catholic; but I am sure that Christ came to all souls in that church. God must have been very pleased with the simple faith and love of those people so far from civilization. "Go teach ye *all* nations." Later, during my second candle-lit Mass, Mr. Lo explained the meaning of the Mass to the assembled people.

At 2 A.M. on Christmas Day, I climbed the hill to the house where I was to sleep. I laid my spread in a corner. Through heavy eyes, I noticed the parents washing mud off their children, before I went to sleep. At 6 A.M., I awoke to the sound of pigs squealing, water buffaloes bellowing, and cocks crowing. Mr. Lo was already giving out medicine to the people of the village.



## SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

I met six wondering, dark-eyed boys  
Along a narrow, tropic street —  
At dusk, six ragged little boys,  
No shoes upon their sturdy feet.

"La Navidad's not far away,"  
One, high-voiced, told another  
lad —  
And checked on fingertips each  
day  
Until the feast that makes men  
glad.

The shops were gay with tin-  
seled light,  
While chimes for joy rang clear  
and loud;  
Six pairs of eyes grew yet more  
bright —  
Six future men among a crowd.

How tenderly the tallest one  
Supported on his arm the babe,  
As he may one day hold a son.

I saw each trusting little boy  
Who trod upon a cloud of faith —  
And he was rich, without a toy.

The tallest one glanced up, and  
love  
Shone round about, as with a  
nod  
He drew their eyes to a star  
above —  
Six Wise Men, journeying to-  
ward God.

— Alice M. Regan

It was still foggy, with a steady rain. The village was no longer a sea of mud — it was an ocean of mud. I feared that the whole village would slowly ooze down the mountainside into the valley below. The children pulled each other around on mud sleds, just as American youngsters use snow sleds.

I arose, pushed a few pounds of mud from my army boots, scraped more from my trousers, dressed, said some Office, and carefully slid down to the church to begin my third Christmas Mass — another High Mass. Again the singing was beautiful. After Mass I gave out more candy to the children and cookies to the grownups.

I ate in one of the village huts. My hostess had prepared a duck egg, fried at least an hour before, and a cup of hot milk made from powder. With my chopsticks, I gently lowered the egg into the hot milk, to warm it. The good woman couldn't figure out what this foreigner was doing to her cooking.

After breakfast I went back to the church, where a giant raffle was taking place. Some U.S. surplus milk powder, butter oil, flour, and some boxes of Chinese matches, were being given out to the lucky holders of small, numbered scraps of paper. Everyone enjoyed winning.

I was awaiting the big feast to be held in the afternoon. Two pigs had been killed, and all the people were to eat. But I knew that Mr. Lo and I had to catch a bus at 4 P.M., in a village more than an hour's walk from Luna.

The raffle lasted too long. We could not stay for the feast, but had

to eat ahead of time. A few village officials joined us. It was then that I learned another fact about the aborigines of Luna. They eat most of their food only after it has been cooked and then cooled. The pigs had been cut in small pieces and covered with cold pork fat. Even the cabbage was cold.

After a quick meal, we set out for the lower village. An hour of mud-sliding downhill took us to the bus stop. We were told that no busses had come that way since the rains started two days before. But a rice truck from the valley was expected sometime that night, or perhaps the next morning.

We could do nothing but wait. However, we were lucky! After only two hours, the rice truck — a big beautiful dump truck — came rolling along, through the fog and the drizzle. A welcome sight! We jumped aboard, on top of the rice bags, and went off into the dark, starless night.

The trip was uneventful, except when the driver and his assistant had to get down to remove rocks that had fallen on the road. Arriving at Shui Li at 8:30 that night, we immediately went to the mission, changed our wet and cold clothes, and sat down to a HOT meal.

So ended my first real mission trip. I hope to return to Luna later. It is a beautiful place, high in the mountains of Taiwan. I was tired but happy. At midnight Mass I had seen Christ come to those distant people of His, those 600 pagan, mountain people who soon will be baptized and have Christ with them always.

■ ■

# The Last Refugee

BY JOHN F. DONOVAN, M.M.

■ LIKE A BUNDLE of foulness, a frail Chinese boy was lying by the side of the dusty road near the entrance to my town. He was clothed — if I may use the word — in a dirty and tattered shirt; his oversized pants were crudely patched. Unseeing almond eyes, eyes rimmed with moisture, looked out hopelessly from his emaciated face. An empty and cracked rice bowl lay between his bony, outstretched legs.

It was the grim and all-too-familiar picture of a child, brimful of sorrow and despair, starving.

The busy world, calloused to the sight of misery and hunger, ignored the beggar boy. Men afoot glanced casually in his direction and hurriedly passed on. Men in rickshas



turned their heads away in utter disgust as their vehicles rolled by.

I knelt for a moment beside the helpless child. With my dampened handkerchief, I wiped the baptismal water from his fevered brow. As I held him in my arms, relief suddenly and mercifully came to the little lad. An angel of death gently touched the frail figure, beckoned and moved on.

The shrunken, pain-racked body is quiet now. The pleading voice is forever still. That night in my dream vividly I saw the lad again. The tired, timid boy — of whom our world was unworthy — had been winged to the celestial gate. He is changed, and has become adorable, as nothing save a child can be adorable. Saint Peter looks at him, sadly smiles, and says, "Come in, little one, and rest."

The child's slanted eyes open wide with wonder and with joy. The beauty of his new home dazzles and delights his boyish heart.

Then in my dream I hear a voice, a marvelous voice, gentle and kind: "Peter, do many like this come each day to the Gate of Heaven?"

I hear Saint Peter answer: "Yes, Lord. They come endlessly, hour after hour, and many do not even know Thy name."

Then the voice of the Saviour, sad and slow, asks, "How can it be, in a world so prodigally showered with My finest gifts — where there is so much for pleasure and so much for waste — how can it be that there was not a bowl of rice or a cooling drink of water for this, My little one?"

Then something most touching happens. The boy's soft eyes look lovingly up toward the Voice, and I hear him say, "Blame the people not, Master. They don't mean to be unkind. Knowing no wants, I'm sure they cannot understand what it means to be hungry. It was thoughtlessness, not bad will, that led them to pass me by."

Our Lord gently puts His hand upon the head of the happy boy, and I hear Him sternly say, "But, My child, they shouldn't forget you or pass you by! I told them once that what they do for children such as you, they do for Me. Why do they continue to forget?" ■■

## INDY ANN HEARS A GHOST



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Good Shepherd workers put up posters explaining Christmas, in many stores.

# We Tell the Glad News

■ MORE and more Japan is coming round to celebrating Christmas as a holiday, but only a tiny minority of Japan's ninety million people know the meaning of this Christian feast. Seventy-four Maryknollers are among those working hard to remedy that. They use every known method to make Christ's birthday mean something personal to each of the millions for whom they work. ■ ■





**For thousands of Japanese this year the Crib scene will be something special. This will be their first Christmas as baptized followers of Christ**



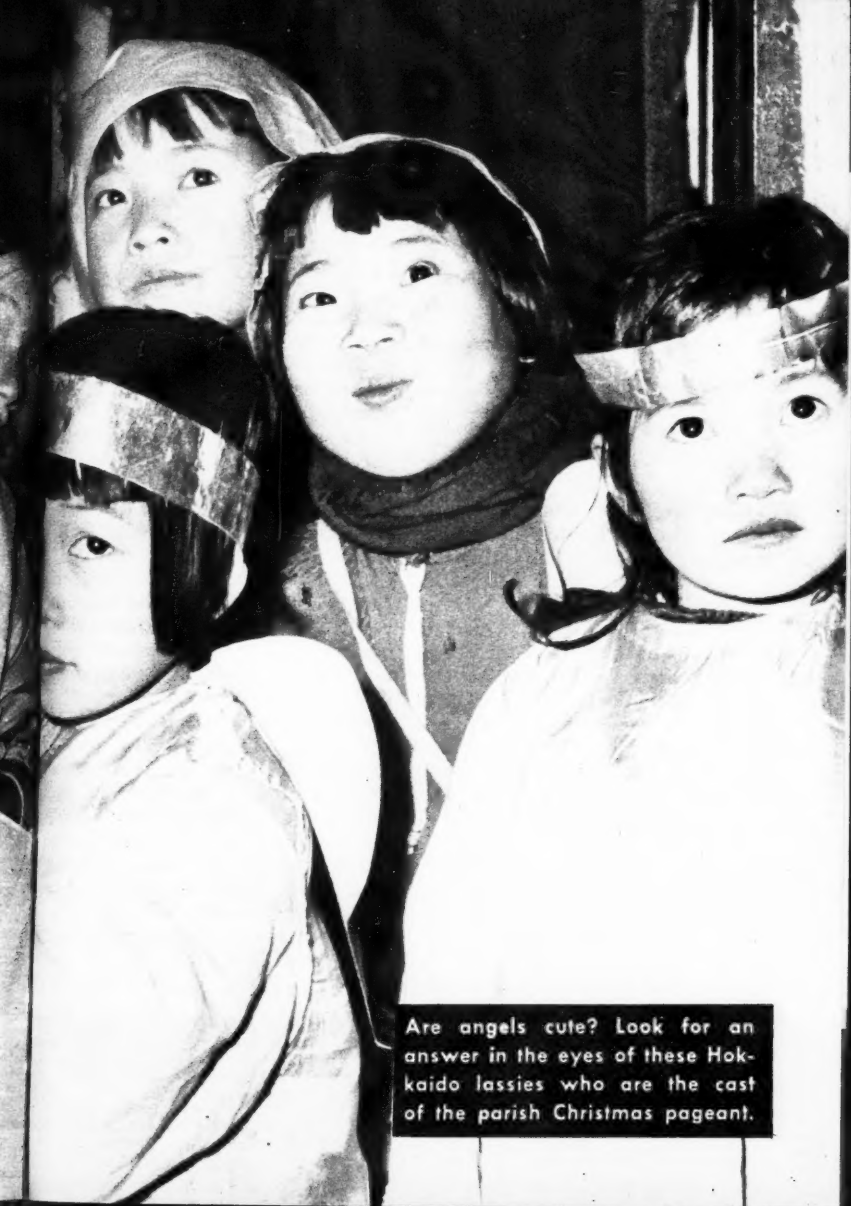
**In many parts of Japan Legion of Mary members work on outdoor Cribs to be set up in public places such as railroad stations, stores, village squares.**



**To the poor in Japan's cities and villages, the glad tidings of Christ's being born in a manger, as the child of a poor carpenter, has an appeal.**







Are angels cute? Look for an answer in the eyes of these Hokkaido lassies who are the cast of the parish Christmas pageant.



# Twenty Years of

**A yuletide miracle is mirrored  
in hundreds of pairs of eyes.**

■ MY FIRST Noel in the Orient came in the mountains of northern Kwangtung. There was a big church there built by French missionaries some fifty years ago. The Christians were scattered in many villages in the mountains.

As I waited for them to hike to the church the day before the Feast, we decorated the church. All the nearby Catholics helped. The men brought fir trees and hard, red berries from the hills. The women and girls made seemingly endless chains of paper flowers. And then the distant Catholics arrived.

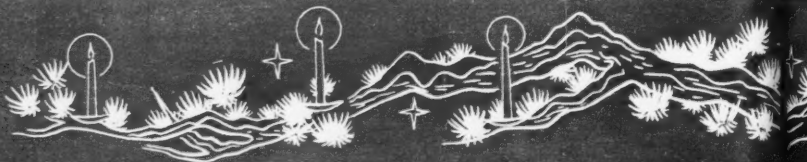
They had walked over the mountain paths—some since early morning. I watched as they limped and climbed the hill to the church. My great surprise came when I discovered that almost every family

had carried a present for the priest: a chicken, a few eggs, cakes; the very poor brought a chicken leg, wrapped in banana leaves.

A cup of tea, a bucket bath, supper, and all were early to bed. At eleven-thirty they were in church again for midnight Mass. The decorated altar, the Crib, the feast, fascinated them and absorbed their thoughts. Mine flitted between Joseph and Mary on the way to Bethlehem, and these Catholics who had walked since morning over hills and mountains — and carrying, besides their own accouterments, their presents for the pastor.

A young boy, who had just returned from a few months in the minor seminary, stood up at the Offertory and sang the "*Ave Maria*." Old grandmothers, who didn't know Latin from Laotian, brushed some tears away. The angels were close to us that Christmas Eve.

There was a Christmas, in another mountain village, during the Second



# of Christmas

BY HENRY J. MADIGAN, M.M.

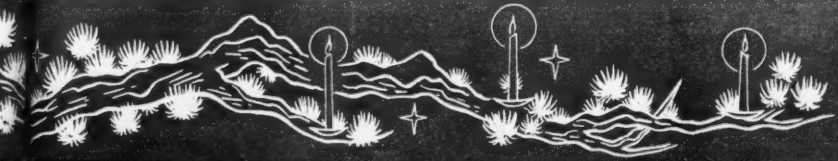
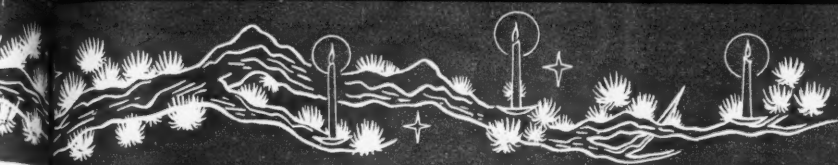
World War. Those were the days when rye and beans were boiled for coffee, and tobacco came from the leaves on the hillside. But the Catholics were happy with little. So we tried to help. I worked with the altar boys to make the Crib. We used lengths of wire for nails, and the kitchen cleaver for a hammer. Every time we hammered a wire nail in one corner of the Crib the opposite side would fall apart.

Because of the cold we made the manger-house right in the dining room, before our one prized article of furniture — a mirror with wrinkles in the glass. The many flaws in that mirror made everyone seem at least ten feet tall. A face was distorted, a nose was a foot-long exclamation point, a mouth ran north and south instead of east and west. Ears were two long icicles hanging from a matted roof. Vanity paid in laughs that day.

Every visitor offered to help us make the Crib. "Now, if you would

just put another nail here." He picked up the cleaver and started to demonstrate, but he had to pass that mirror. One glance — and the carpenter lost his vocation. He'd look at himself and then at the Crib, and raise his arm to hit a nail. One could almost say that he was helping us with one hand and looking in the mirror with the other. The cleaver would drop to the floor and with a very puzzled expression our would-be helper would leave for home and a rest.

The boys laughed and loved it. We didn't even notice the work that went into the Crib, or the hours it took to make, until we tried to carry it to the church — and found that our masterpiece was wider than any door leading out of the room. So we had to do it all over again. When it was completed, the boys shot off firecrackers and escorted the Crib to the church, dancing around it like David did before the Ark. It set the tone for a happy Christmas.

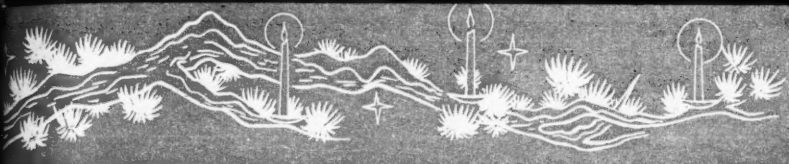




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There was another Christmas — our last one on the mainland of China before the Communists closed the churches. It was at Our Lady of Fatima Parish, and the people of fifteen Catholic villages made up the parish. At that midnight Mass, each village was dedicated to one of the mysteries of the Rosary: Annunciation, for the village where the first baptism occurred; Resurrection, where there had been a rebirth of interest; Crucifixion, where they had already suffered persecution.

Each village had a representative stand before the altar, accept a small banner, and read a brief prayer of dedication. The Communists had occupied the country for over two years, and some Reds were present in the church — but not to pray. The courage of those fifteen (some of whom I know were later executed) made that Christmas worthy of a place right next to the

star on top of this year's Christmas tree.

Now there is another Christmas to be remembered. This one here in Miaoli, Formosa. It's one that I think of as the miracle of Miaoli. There are a thousand Catholics, including babies and children in this parish.

**EVERY MARYKNOLL FRIEND  
should also be a member of the  
Society for the Propagation of  
the Faith which has three classes  
of membership. See your local  
director to enroll.**

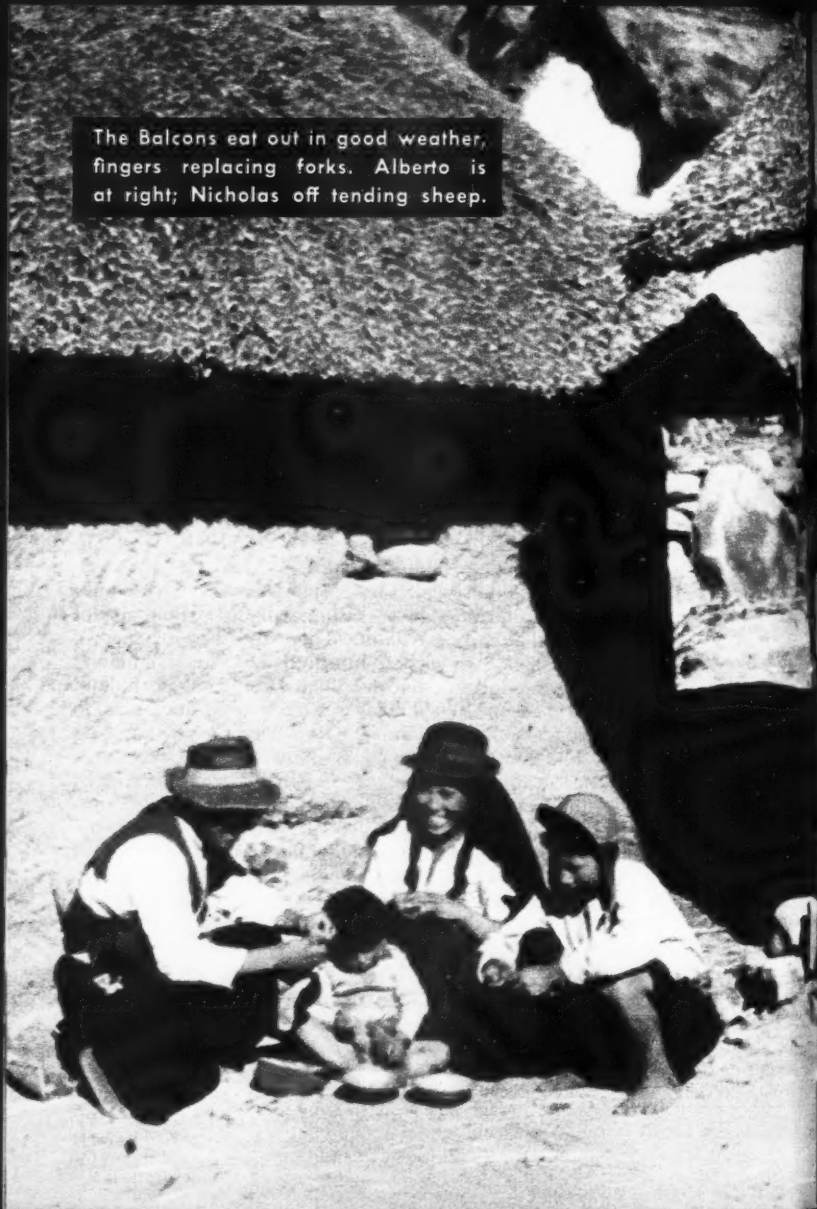
Nearly seven hundred were in church on Christmas Day.

Three years ago, there were only four Catholics in the whole city of Miaoli. Three years ago, few of these hundreds of Chinese converts had even heard the word "Catholic." This was a city where there was no church, no priest, no altar, no Sacrifice. Now hundreds of new friends of Christ attend midnight Mass, go to confession, receive Communion, sing "*Adeste*," chant the ageless prayers of the Church, and kneel before the Crib. In their eyes I could see a reflection of the great Christmas miracle. ■ ■

**Christmas in Miaoli, Formosa — a far cry from the days of beans boiled for coffee and a Crib made with wire nails hammered with a meat cleaver.**



The Balcons eat out in good weather,  
fingers replacing forks. Alberto is  
at right; Nicholas off tending sheep.



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From his front door, Alberto can watch his parents repair a balsa boat.

# The Boy Who Always Had Nothing

**YOUTH AROUND THE WORLD**

**PICTURES AND BACKGROUND BY  
RICHARD L. CLIFFORD, M.M.**

■ ICHU is an Aymara Indian village that looks out over Lake Titicaca, in Andean Peru. It is the home of Alberto Balcon, a fifteen-year-old,

whose sole distinction in the world is that he has always had nothing. He has never worn a pair of shoes, he has never seen a movie, he has never received a letter, he has never had money of his own.

Alberto stands four feet six inches high. He is muscular and strong, and has the typical Aymara oval face which sets off his sparkling eyes and jet-black hair. He is



Meet Nicholas, Alberto's brother.

always well-washed, a not too common condition among the mountain Indians because water is scarce and always ice cold. He has a tranquil and cooperative disposition but can be stubborn when given an order contrary to some long-held belief.

Alberto lives in Ichu with his father, Victoriano; his mother, Maria; an eleven-year-old brother, Nicholas; and a five-year-old sister, Viviana. Two other brothers and one sister died before reaching the age of two, a fact indicative of the high child-mortality rate in that barren, eroded land where even breathing can be an effort.

Victoriano is a fisherman and farmer. Because Alberto is now too old for shepherding the family's flock of sheep (younger Nicholas has taken over this chore), he helps his father and does the heavier work around the house.

Alberto lives with his family in a tiny cluster of adobe sheds at the

foot of a boulder-strewn peak. Three sheds compose his home, built U-fashion around a dirt patio. The sheds are constructed from adobe — a mixture of mud, llama dung, and hay. The sheds are roofed with tortora reeds, a thatching brought from the bottom of Lake Titicaca and which lasts for about twenty years. One shed is used as a granary, another for sleeping, and the third for many things — housing chickens, receiving visitors, storing tools, cooking on rainy days, and so on.

The family's possessions are few. Some clothing, a few tools, a number of blankets of sheep and llama wool, and some sheepskins. These latter are used as mattresses on the beds of adobe blocks. Alberto's home has no electricity, no running water, no sanitary facilities.

In a good year, the family income will total an insignificant fifty dollars. To make this much, however, all have to work very hard. The money does not go far — some new clothing, some necessary items for cooking, a few tools. There is never a chance to save anything for sickness or old age.

Alberto and his father get up shortly before three o'clock every morning. Mrs. Balcon has breakfast ready. It is always a thick soup, made from whatever is obtainable — charqui (dried meat), *chuno* (frozen potatoes), a little grain. After this, Alberto and Victoriano pick up long bamboo poles and two nets. They go down to the lake where each takes off in a one-man balsa boat with a detachable tortora sail. When the wind is especially cold,

Ichu men in Sunday dress



they rig up tortora windbreakers. They fish until eleven o'clock. Usually the catch consists of tiny, sardine-like fish. Sometimes Alberto is able to net a big trout, a fish for which the lake has become famous. Alberto is proud of his fishing skill, and will show his big hands, saying, "See, these are the signs of a good fisherman!"

At noon, the family has its second meal: cold potatoes, toasted grains, toasted beans, and toasted corn. In the afternoons, father and son work in the fields, caring for their wheat, barley, potatoes, quinia, and other crops. A never-ending chore is gathering tortora reeds which abound in the low water around the edges of the lake. It is a chilling task to get them out; and they must be carried by back to the house. But the tortora reeds make life possible in this 13,000-foot altitude. They serve as food for people and animals, roofs for the houses, and are woven into the unsinkable balsa boats.

At sundown, the Balcons gather for the last meal of the day. The work is over and the llamas and sheep corralled for the night. Supper is practically the same as the noon meal, except that it usually includes soup. They never have bread, milk or butter; and only on rare occasions, coffee or tea. When they do make a drink it is usually a tea made from some herb found in the fields.

Sunday is the day of rest. Once a month, a Maryknoll Padre is able to go to Ichu from Puno, the nearest large city, and offer Mass. Now and then, the family will go into Puno

for Sunday market and attend church there. Sunday also gives barefoot Alberto a chance to play soccer.

Alberto was able to attend three years of elementary school before going to work with his father. He reads enough to understand the catechism and comic books. He writes simple words laboriously. He knows very little Spanish. His father would like to see him become a trader in cattle. Alberto's own dream is to own a large farm.

"I want to work my own way through life, Padre," he told Father Clifford. "If we had some land, things would be much better."

He confesses that he would like to have more schooling but then remarks that is impossible because his father must have help with the fishing, if the family is to exist. His only diversion is studying the catechism, an act of relaxation that parallels that of a youngster in the United States going to a movie.

Although ignorant of many things about the world, Alberto is already entering man's estate. He was taught responsibility as soon as he was able to toddle out and shepherd the flocks or carry his younger brother on his back. He lives the most simple and frugal life imaginable. He has no real understanding of charity because he has never received anything or had anything to give. He is constrained to help others through the traditional group culture of his people.

Alberto is young in years but he never really had youth. He passed from childhood into adult responsibilities almost without pause. ■ ■

# BUNDO GETS JILTED

or

## TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTHLY

Cast of Characters




**PAUL**  
(The Interloper)



**BERTHA**  
(The Femme Fatale)



AND STARRING   
**BUNDO** the magnificent

THIS MONTH ONLY ON NEXT FIVE PAGES



**It all started during a children's play  
at the Maryknoll Clinic in Pusan, Korea.  
Bundo and Bertha did a number together.  
Everyone said that they were SO sweet!**

*(Bundo's story began last month when we told how he had been found in 1952, a discarded waif of skin and bones, left to die in a garbage can. Loving care by the Sisters saved his life.)*







**In the next number, embarrassed Bundo wouldn't sing at all. Bertha was never so humiliated. She just COULDN'T look at the world — and the boy who broke her heart. What would you do?**

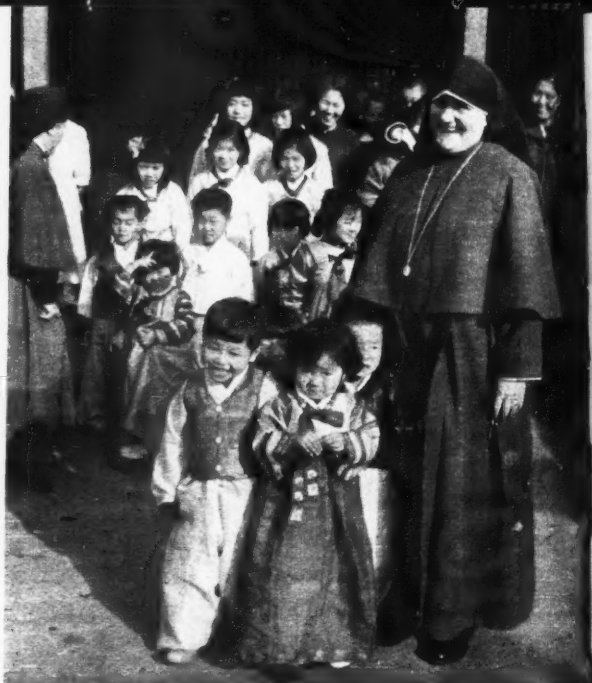


**In the dance  
number that  
followed . . .  
Bertha acted  
most reserved,  
distant indeed,  
when she was  
Bundo's partner.**



**But with Paul  
she cut loose.  
It was quite  
scandalous!**

**And WHO led  
the performers  
out to be  
photographed?  
Paul and Bertha,  
of course.  
Bundo was a  
VERY poor  
runner-up.**



**"I'm finished with women,"  
said Bundo. "They won't  
allow a man even ONE tiny  
mistake. From now on, I'll  
devote my life to science.  
She'll see. SHE'LL SEE!"**

**TO BE CONTINUED**

# Kneel Down, Americans!

BY LAWRENCE VAMBE

■ I DO NOT think that the average American appreciates the fact that he is enjoying a standard of living which he and he alone in this world is enjoying, and that the vast masses of the people of Africa are living in grinding poverty and hunger. I never knew that the average American had so much food — food to throw away — an unnecessary amount of clothes, houses that pass for dreams in Africa, automobiles and other material possessions, which most of my people can never hope to have. When I saw American men and women eating those huge meals, or sailing away in big powerful cars, or watching TV, or discussing their children's progress at college, I wondered whether they realized that individual Africans, who had applied themselves ten, twenty, fifty times more, had none of these things. I wished that there was something I could do to convince the Americans, young and old, that they should go down on their knees every day and thank God for what they have! I am not saying that they do not deserve the things they have; they do, because they have worked hard for them. But I say that in Africa even the hardest toil brings little return, or none at all. ■ ■

*Lawrence Vambe is a young Negro journalist from Rhodesia. He visited the United States on a State Department grant, and the above excerpt is taken from his "Report on America."*

# Where the Dead Go to Work

**There's nothing like a funeral to put real meaning into life.**

**BY ROBERT R. ZAHN, M.M.**

■ FUNERALS in Japan have long been recognized by missionaries as among the best means of attracting people to the Catholic Faith. In Matsuzaka, I had my first opportunity to conduct the services and to note at first hand the effect they had on non-Catholics in attendance.

The deceased, Mr. Okuyama, had operated an electric-supply shop. Almost forty years old, he had developed cancer of the liver and was hospitalized. The priest and catechists of our Matsuzaka church, in the regular course of their hospital visitations, had met him and talked with him. He listened to their instructions and indicated his desire to become a Catholic.

The instructions were well under way when it became obvious that Mr. Okuyama had only a few days to live. He was baptized, made his first Communion, received Confirmation, and, before his death, was anointed.

Mrs. Okuyama knew of her hus-

band's desire to become a Catholic. During the course of his instructions, she had been sending her children to the Saturday school at our church. When he died, she notified the priests even before she contacted the relatives. It was no trouble at all, therefore, to obtain permission from her for a Catholic funeral for her husband.

The catechist went to the hospital to prepare for the wake. By the time the priest arrived, accompanied by a group of neighborhood Catholics, Mr. Okuyama's wife, children and some other relatives were assembled.

The coffin — a crude, wooden box — was placed on the bed. Behind it, on the wall, was a Japanese-style picture scroll of the risen Christ, made for our church for just such occasions. The coffin was draped with a black cloth crossed with wide bands of white.

I read appropriate prayers from the ritual in Latin, and recited prayers for the deceased in Japanese. We had distributed prayer books to the non-Catholics present, so they could follow what was being said. Then we brought out a dish of holy water, and a censer containing burning coals.

In usual Japanese fashion, first

the wife, then the other relatives, and finally the Catholics, sprinkled the coffin with holy water. Each placed a few pinches of incense on the coals, too.

While this was going on, I led the Rosary, and the Catholics responded. The page number in the prayer book was announced for each prayer, and it wasn't long before I could hear the Buddhist relatives on my right begging Our Lady to "pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

The following day we had another ceremony at the church. It resembled the service at the wake, but a sermon on Catholic teaching about death was added. Friends, relatives, and business associates of the deceased packed the church. They were invited to inquire further into Catholic doctrine, to learn more of the comforting teachings related to death as well as to life.

The funeral Mass itself was well attended, too. It provided another excellent occasion to instruct non-Catholics. Interment followed, near the church. When the family and relatives of the deceased return to the place of interment on anniversary days, there will be more prayers and further instruction.

After interment, the mourners were invited to the teaching room of the church. Tea and cookies were served, as the catechists and I chatted with the relatives. There were many questions about the Catholic Faith, since it was the first time most of those present had come in contact with the Church. The ceremonies and sermons had put all in a receptive and appreciative

mood, and it was a wonderful opportunity to give further informal instruction on various points of Catholic doctrine.

One can't judge the long-range effects of a Catholic funeral such as this one, but there were some immediate results. Mrs. Okuyama decided to follow her husband's lead by studying to become a Catholic. Meanwhile, she will continue to send her children to our Saturday classes for instruction.

Two male relatives asked to be introduced to the priest nearest their home. Fortunately, there is a Catholic church in the town where they live. I gave them a personal message to be delivered to the pastor, to help them follow through on their resolve to visit the church.

Perhaps not every Catholic funeral has such immediately apparent good results, but this one showed me how much we missionaries still have to do. Among the millions of pagans around us in Japan, there must be many more like Mrs. Okuyama and the two men who took so readily to the Catholic Faith, once they were introduced to it.

Prejudice, Buddhist family traditions, or the pressure of duties, might have kept those people from ever hearing the wonderful teachings of the Catholic Church. For them — and certainly for the deceased, who died fortified with the Church's sacraments — Mr. Okuyama's death was a special grace. May similar grace come to all others who attend funeral services and hear the priest elaborate on the words of Christ, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." ■ ■



# Mass at 17,000 Feet

On the top of rugged Chachani stands a small Fatima shrine.

BY CHARLES F. GIRNIUS, M.M.

■ OF THE snow-capped peaks surrounding the city of Arequipa, Peru, Chachani is the highest and most difficult to climb. It rises to a height of about 21,000 feet and retains its snow the year round.

To reach Chachani's top, one need not use the conventional picks and ropes. Hobnailed boots, a good heart, and a good pair of lungs are almost sufficient equipment for gasping one's way to the top.

There were eleven in our expedition, all of us inexperienced climbers. After Mass and a general Communion, we set out at seven o'clock in two cars and two pickup trucks.

At about 8,000 feet, we saw the Arequipa valley far below us. It disappeared as we took a turn in

MARYKNOLL



the rough dirt road, which brought us to the pampa behind Chachani. Three hours had passed, and we were then up about 12,000 feet.

At that point we met our guides, who had eighteen horses and burros in readiness for us. It took at least an hour to pack our equipment on the animals.

That finished, we took to the saddle.

The chief guide, instead of going to the place of encampment agreed upon, led us by a circuitous route to another approach several hours farther away. We reached the level of 17,000 feet in the dark and cold.

I had had but four hours' sleep the previous night, and the long day's journey was too much for me. Another man also was sick. The two of us just sat down, listless, while the others put up our tents and prepared supper.

Two men worked on a portable motor but could not produce enough power for their radio-transmitter. Their tiredness forced them to abandon the project.

The four men in my tent suffered from headaches and mountain sickness. I was so tired that I did not prepare my bedding well. We spent a miserably cold, uncomfortable night. I felt sure that the attempt to reach the summit were abandoned.

When morning came, however, spirits revived with the warmth of the sun. The party set out once more, but I remained in camp with one guide to regain my strength.

The climbers proceeded on horseback until their animals could go no further. The final ascent, up a very steep slope, was made on foot. Five men reached what they thought was

the top of Chachani; but because of poor visibility, they could not verify their position until later.

They built a

tiny grotto for a small statue of Our Lady of Fatima, in whose honor the expedition had been named. A plastic covering protected the statue from the elements.

After kneeling before the little grotto to say a prayer of thanksgiving, the group began the descent. Late that afternoon, when I was beginning to grow concerned about possible accidents, they returned to camp. I shared their jubilation over their achievement.

We camped one more night on the same site. The next morning, I was sufficiently recovered to celebrate a Mass of thanksgiving in the largest of the tents. My tired companions were delighted at the opportunity to hear Mass and go to Communion again.

We almost got lost going back to the cars, but otherwise our return to Arequipa was quick and uneventful. Upon arriving, we telephoned the families of the climbers to assure them that the expedition had come through safely. It was all behind us by then: the strain, the pain, the effort, the little shrine on the mountaintop, and the Mass at 17,000 feet.

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children will die of starvation.  
What practical meaning has this  
for you in the month  
of the divine Christ Child?**

**PAINTING BY CHARLOTTE BYJ  
FOR HOLY CHILDHOOD ASSOCIATION ©**



**"You're so fat!"**

**That's a compliment,  
over in East Africa.**

# Un-American Activities in Africa

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ AMERICANS eat plenty of meat, but Africans don't. They like it at least as much as we do, but they can't afford it.

Something Africans can manage more easily is grease. Few Americans like that, but Africans go right on eating quantities of grease, anointing themselves with grease, smearing their babies with grease from head to toe, and liking grease.

Among Africans there is no stronger affirmation of personal good health than to say, "I'm fat." They work diligently at being fat, but most of them keep lean figures despite their efforts.

All fats — coconut oil, peanut oil, palm oil, cottonseed oil — are good. Africans cook meat, doughnuts, vegetables, rice, anything, in oil. Better than vegetable oil is fish oil. Everyone knows what cod-liver oil tastes like; not many Americans would have the ingenuity and courage to use it as a cooking oil. But a favorite African soup is a quantity of fish oil with boiled rice and tomatoes stirred in.

Tastiest of oils is *ghee*. That seems to be an Indian or Arabic invention. Africans are very fond of it. The process of making it is simple.

Every African woman gets milk from the cows for her household

expenses. She takes her bucket or pan of milk (that's all she draws from a whole corral-full of cows) to the nearest cream separator.

There's a separating gadget under every big tree. The owner turns the crank and out comes cream from one spout, skimmed milk from the other. He buys the cream for a few cents per measure; she can have the milk. The separator man then cooks the cream for twelve hours. By that time, the water has all boiled away in steam, and there's a clear yellow grease left. That's *ghee*. It keeps indefinitely.

Probably most of the people in the world don't know how good *ghee* is. How can I properly describe the African's delight over the following repast? A mountain of boiled rice; beside it a big bowl of chunks of boiled goat meat, with odd pieces sticking out through the gravy and at least half an inch of *ghee*. The whole is fairly golden colored and burning with curry powder.

An African's idea of something delicate — not properly a meal, just indulgence — is the white fat of a sheep's tail. In countries that have long dry spells, sheep must lay in a reserve-food supply during the rainy season that makes the country lush. The reserve goes to fat in the tail, and every sheep gets a tail thicker than a milk bottle.

Africans sit around a few sticks burning on the dirt floor. One man cuts off a strip of fat, big as a candy bar, and drops it into the fire. It sputters a bit. Then he pulls it out and eats it. Such strips are rich in food value, delicate to taste, un-American. ■ ■

DECEMBER, 1958

## "But it all happened so sudden!"

This is the usual lament from a bereaved widow after the death of her husband. "He always spoke of drawing up a will, but never did get around to it."

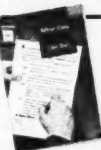
### The Court's Decision

To die intestate, that is, without a legal will, is very often a troublesome and tragic affair for the ones left behind. Your property comes under the jurisdiction of the courts and must be divided according to due process of law. *The decision is lifted out of your hands forever.* Seldom does this action meet the needs of the family.

### How To Start

To begin with, list all your property to be divided. Then list your heirs in this manner: First, your family; second, your parish; third, your diocese; and finally, the foreign missions. Then see your lawyer.

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# Whom Should We Help?

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ LAST MONTH in this space, we dwelt on the reasons for lending assistance to needy peoples and nations, pointing out that Americans have an obligation for giving such aid — an obligation founded not only in charity but, more importantly, in international social justice. This month we would like to discuss where such aid should go. With great areas of the world in need of assistance, how can Americans determine the degree of obligation to help and the ends to which such help must be directed?

Catholic specialists, such as Father Leon Janssen, S.J., the internationally known Dutch economist, sum up their answers to the above questions in three principles, called the principles of specification. These principles are concerned with need, relationship, and possibility.

1. *The greater the need, the greater the obligation.* Our obligation to assist other peoples or nations is in direct proportion to their needs. Or to put it another way, the less that people can help themselves, the greater our duty to aid them. Thus, by this principle, the most backward nations are the ones to whom our help should first be given.

It can be demonstrated that certain peoples are unable to help themselves effectively because of the pattern of circumstances in which they are trapped. They are poor because they have an undeveloped economy, and they have an undeveloped economy because they are poor. The only way out of this vicious circle is by help from outside. Therefore, wealthy nations have an obligation in justice to help the weak; and the more wealthy a nation is, the graver is its obligation.

2. *The closer a people are to us, the greater the claim they have on our help.* This second principle is subordinated to the first principle of need. But where the need is equal, this principle of relationship is then applied. On the personal level, we have the obligation of helping our parents in preference to other relatives. On the international level, we have the obligation of helping nations that are bound to us by some ties. Thus the United States would have a greater obligation of helping the Philippines, because it is a former possession, than it would of helping Cambodia or Kenya. By the same reason, the

principle of relationship would direct aid to Latin America in preference to Europe or Asia, provided that there is an equality in need. Finally, this principle would compel us to give greater assistance to people who are anti-Communist or in agreement with our way of life.

3. *The more we have, the greater our obligation to give useful help to those in need.* This principle says two things: our obligation depends on our own resources, and the aid we give must be proportioned to its chance for success.

The United States is the richest nation on earth. Therefore, the obligation of the people of the United States exceeds that of the people of any other nation. At the same time, because of this principle, our aid should be useful or have a chance to succeed. For example, if a country is underdeveloped because of the illiteracy and health of its people, it would be a violation of this principle to lend (or grant) it money to build roads or power stations. Our useful help should attack the causes of underdevelopment.

None of the principles stated here is concerned with a *quid pro quo* arrangement, of getting something back in return. Christian teaching is that our assistance should be unilateral. Where bilateral arrangements are insisted on, we are merely confusing aid with a new form of colonialism. It is a Christian principle to give without expecting anything in return. ■ ■

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— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday  
Address to American Catholics



# Professional Apostles

**Lay missionary plus catechist  
make a team that's hard to beat.**

**BY DONALD L. HESSLER, M.M.**

■ FELIX fainted for want of good air while cleaning out his well; he toppled into the water. Arthur pulled him out and revived him by artificial respiration for an hour and a half. But there being no doctor or nurse here in Bacalar, Mexico, we lost Felix.

His six years of courageous living and sharing the Gospel, each year more fearlessly, are now out like a candle in the night. Arthur — our stalwart lay missionary from the States — was crying like a baby after the struggle was over. During

the past three years Arthur had helped Felix to grow in grace and understanding.

Frequently Felix had been the first at church in the morning — an hour before Mass. He was there to ring bells, arrange the altar, have books ready for Lauds, to spend a quiet time with his Lord. Invariably he had his missal open before him at such times.

While many other parishioners gladly took an hour at monthly nocturnal adoration, Felix was there for two or three — and frequently with his wife, Lupe, at his side. On our long trips, mule-back or afoot, no matter how tired he and I were, the suggestion of a Rosary was always welcome. He had the same gusto for nightly Compline.

Felix was a fine example of a local lay apostle formed to a great extent by a foreign lay missionary. Gradually Felix was feeling an increasing obligation to share with others what our lay missionaries — Arthur Vigil, Joe Shelzi, and their families — shared with him. He had never gone to church with Lupe until he saw foreign couples doing it.

Felix took charge of the Family Communion Crusade. He preached the Seven Last Words. He inspired others to lead the Stations of the Cross without a book as he sometimes did from his overflowing heart. He didn't do any of these things himself if he could possibly instruct another person to do them. He trained acolytes and supported their first efforts, instead of doing himself what he loved best of all — serve holy Mass.



No doubt Felix's generosity in this regard had much to do with the fact that four local lads went to the pre-seminary in August. Felix helped greatly with their preparation, and helped their parents see what happiness would be theirs if God should finally make a priest of one of their sons. This idea is not always easy for Latin Americans to get straight in their minds.

Felix was preparing others to fill the big gap his death would occasion. A few months ago, he introduced me to Mario, who since then became a full-time catechist. Carlos, from Zoh-Laguna, is another treasure found and animated by Felix to give some years of his youth to the direct apostolate. Enthusiastic before, both were further inspired by the death of Felix.

Carlos has begun to use the microphone during our Sunday-evening recreation periods. He saw Felix using it most effectively during our three-day fiesta of Saint Joachim, announcing, animating, instructing. Quite fearlessly Felix had explained why mambo and some other popular dances are not permitted.

Felix was an apostle by profession. But the Church can support only a small number of paid catechists. There must be many more volunteer catechists. Don Herculano is one of a slowly growing number of such. A farmer, he is becoming an apostle every inch of the way to and from his farm, during his

work hours and during his free time. Joe, a lay missionary, brought Herculano around. He became head of the farmers' union when yearly sacraments were not a condition of membership.

Now Herculano goes to Mass and Communion whenever he is in town with his family. Two weeks ago, the

last of the original eight husbands in the union got married in church, thanks greatly to Herculano. Now all union members are receiving the "Bread of the Strong" weekly. We get a promise from every newly married couple, to receive Communion weekly for three months; or on the occasion of every visit of the Padre for a year. The habit then continues.

Herculano's wife and the mayor's got together. Later there was another marriage. Now the town's first couple is keeping the promise to receive Communion weekly.

There is growing a nucleus of responsible Christians in the farmers' union, the carpenter shop, the credit union, the corn cooperative. So we decided to send the Shelzis home on "promotion-vacation." We need the former and feel they more than deserve the latter, especially now that they have decided to extend their missionary venture for another two or three years. Moreover we think that there are many in the States who are ready to profit from what the Shelzis are now ready to give. ■ ■

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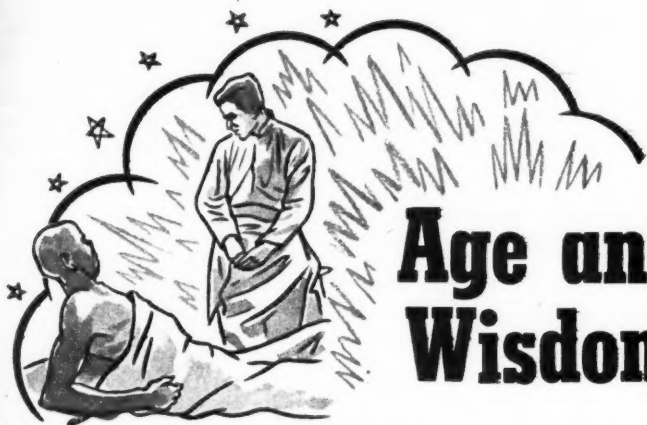
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# Age and Wisdom

■ "YEE, *Mungu alio*," the sick man conceded, hoping that would put an end to the talk. He rubbed a huge hand slowly across his face. God existed, all right: It was not a great concession.

Then, suddenly become oblivious of his visitors — a sick man in his own world — he drew himself up on an elbow, and with his free hand pulled the blanket up around his naked chest. He turned over on his side deliberately, away from the young priest, who sat on a three-legged stool.

The sick man had nothing against conversation, he enjoyed it. Especially now when visitors were rare — his illness had lasted too long. But these three! Not that they were really bad. The young priest with the red face — a mere boy — seemed kind enough, but so heavy, so earnest. Such endless, empty bargaining. He considered pulling the blanket over his head.

Lying there on the straw mat, within the shade of the cactus barri-

**Had his one chance vanished?**

BY THOMAS P. McGOVERN, M.M.

cade that circled his yard, he did not look sick. His chest and shoulders were still powerful: even in repose, the muscles of his arms were hard and purposeful. His face was clean and his head was newly shaved. But his eyes were flecked red and lived a heavy independent life of their own.

There was something in his stomach wasting him — destroying what he could eat — shriveling his legs. He was sick and he supposed dying and it was terrible luck. But God certainly did exist.

"*Kigende*," said the catechist, making as if to rise. He was blind, sitting erect on the priest's right, holding before him in his thin fingers a long staff.

"Wait one minute," said the priest touching the catechist's knee.

"Ah," said the other catechist, a fat man. He sighed heavily. "We are wasting our time with this one." He mopped with a red cloth the perspiration that oozed from his forehead. The collar of his cassock was wilted, and his cincture twisted and lost itself in the folds of his stomach. He had been a catechist for only one month.

"This man is a *shenzi*!" he whispered to the priest. "He is a barbarian!" He pronounced the word explosively, disturbing his wispy cultivated mustache.

He leaned over the sick man and touched his elbow. "God is not mocked, my friend."

We had been sitting in the sick man's yard for over an hour. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon and hot.

The sick man's three wives sat in a hostile cluster near the door of the house. They were just near enough to hear everything. They watched intently but said nothing. The youngest wife nursed a baby.

"Your sickness is the judgment of God. Do penance!"

The sick man tugged at his blanket but did not reply.

The blind catechist began to fidget upon his stool. He took a deep breath and said gently, "Do not be angry with us. Perhaps we have troubled you, but we mean to help you."

"The Gospel is truth," the fat man said, making me wince.

Surely this was all wrong I realized. We do not club anyone into the Faith, and certainly not the sick. But against an obscure better judgment, I felt committed to con-

tinue. There was a soul at stake. I wanted time to think out an approach.

But the stout catechist gave me no time. "You say, '*Yee, Yee, Mungu, Mungu.*' What do you know about *Mungu*?"

"Not very much, my friend," answered the sick man.

"Everybody knows about *Mungu*," I said. I had intended the statement as encouragement to the sick man, but it came out a rebuke.

"I mean all men know something about God, but Christians know most. Because God has revealed Himself. It is quite simple, really."

"For you, perhaps," the sick man said.

He turned over on his back, propping himself on his elbows, facing us.

"For me, no. I know there is *Mungu* and that I am His child. Perhaps He will cure me; perhaps not. In any case, there is *Mungu. Bas!*"

It was the longest speech he had made all afternoon; it moved me.

"*Bas*," repeated the fat one incredulously. "You are satisfied too easily. You say 'God exists, *Bas!*'"

He swiped angrily at his forehead with the red cloth.

"*Kigende*," said the blind man.

There is still tomorrow, thought I. But I knew that was not true. I was upset, and as sad as I had ever been in my life. For I knew that a blunder had been made and that perhaps the chance, one only, had come and gone.

When we had left the yard and were walking down the path, we heard the mocking laughter of the sick man's wives.

# Where Does She Call Home?



If you answered "Tanganyika in Africa," you were correct. This is the type of inhabitant you would meet if you were there. Maryknoll has established two mission areas in this far-away place, where our missionaries are working for the salvation of souls. Many Africans would have lived and died without knowing Christ, if it weren't for the Maryknollers.

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# SOFT LIFE

BY VINCENT H. MONTAGUE, M.M.

■ IN DZULA, Mexico, I was thrown from my mule, onto a pile of rocks. I survived with only a wrenched back and abrasions. I suffered only minor injuries in a plane crash. In Chunhuhub, I was relieved of 360 pesos (about \$30) by one who must have needed the money more than I.

In Polyuc, I ran into a fiesta, complete with imported band. The plaza was paved with drunks; religious fervor hit a new low. This orgy lasted for five days.

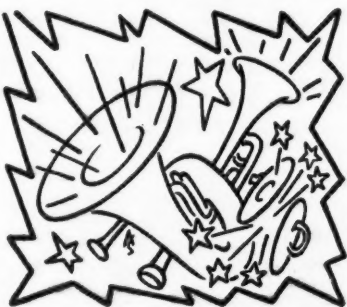
Before I came to Xpichil Village, a certain gentleman had gone to the temple to pray. While praying, he had suddenly heard a loud, unaccountable noise. Being quite superstitious, he promptly went home and got sick. The Maya prayer leaders were quick to diagnose universal public guilt, and proclaimed atonement by means of a *matan* — five days of public prayer and ritual meals.

When I arrived in Xpichil to say an evening Mass, the prayer leaders were chanting in the sanctuary, ringing hand bells at every other

moan. The men of the pueblo were milling around the side doors and the back of the church. Women were in the body of the church, laughing and talking, catching up on the latest gossip. A band was playing in one corner.

Sister was teaching doctrine in a quiet spot. The catechist and I were setting up an altar outside the sanctuary — to one side so as not to be bothered by the ingress and egress of people constantly carrying in gourds of food to be sanctified by the prayer leaders. I suppose these people are sincere about their Maya religious practices, but they certainly seem to mix business with pleasure.

When I finally got the altar set up, the band stopped and the people quieted down. Then I started Mass. The prayer leaders continued to chant, but their moanings and groanings were somehow not too distracting. Sister had apparently given a fine explanation of the Mass in Maya, because the people were very attentive — even though they might well have been a little peeved at us for breaking up their wonderful party. ■ ■





Youngsters with agility and curiosity quickly learn how to operate the large looms.





Woven goods are sold by trained staff at the school's cooperative store.

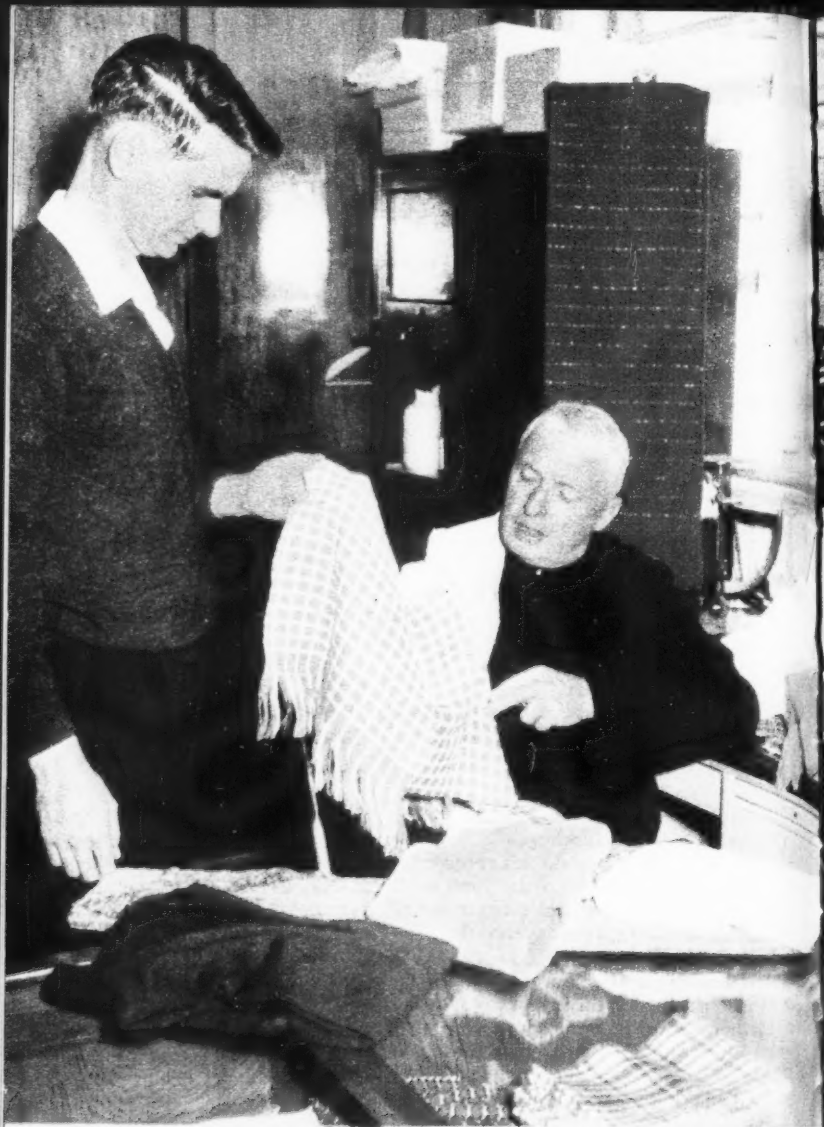
## God Helps Those...

■ WHEN students graduate from the Pope Pius XII Handicraft School in Hong Kong, they do not receive diplomas. Instead, each borrows a hand loom, a table, and a chair, so that he or she may weave cloth at home.

The school was established for Chinese refugees, three years ago, by Father Arthur F. Dempsey, a Maryknoller from Peekskill, New York. About 150 students enrolled in the first weaving course. A few months ago, with the opening of a new extension, the school doubled in size.

While learning to weave cloth, the students — widows, mothers, unemployed fathers, youngsters of high school age — are given a daily allowance by the school. Each supports a family and has an average of six mouths to feed.

Graduates become co-owners and co-workers in the Pius Company. They sign a year's contract, which assures them of a steady income and the company of a growing supply of skilled workers. Any profits, after the payment of all salaries, are divided among the workers. ■ ■



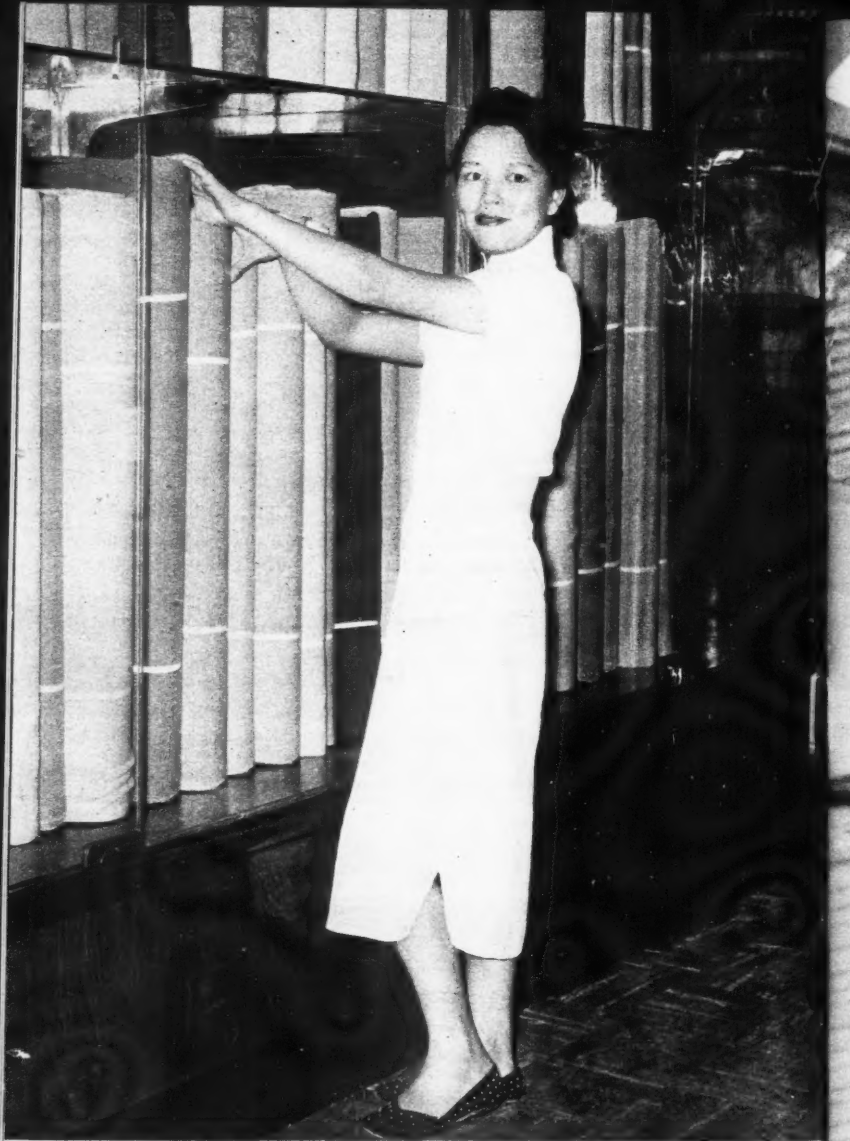
**Brother Gonzaga O'Connor, of Woburn, Mass., shows Father Dempsey the students' work. Merchants praise the high quality of the fabrics.**



**The hand looms are made of aluminum. They eliminate footwork to simplify the spinning of cloth. Each loom can turn out 35,000 different patterns.**



**Fine, hand-woven stoles are the favorites of women. Father Dempsey has supplied products for stores in Japan and a sportswear firm in the U.S.**



**Stock for the Pius Company store is produced by students and co-workers. It carries yard goods and finished articles, in cotton, silk, and wool.**





# PANTALEON RETIRES...

An old miner strikes it rich at  
the Little Sisters of the Poor.

BY JOHN K. BYRNE, M.M.

■ PANTALEON decided about ten years ago to leave Ayaviri, Peru, for the jungles to look for gold. He spent five years there but never got enough gold to enable him to retire. He came back to Ayaviri broke, and soon became so crippled with arthritis and rheumatism that he could no longer work. Instead, he sat on the steps of the parish office and chatted with the Fathers as they passed in or out.

He was concerned about our health. If a Padre was a bit under the weather, Pantaleon was ready with some fantastic remedy. I once

MARYKNOLL

had a cough. Pantaleon gave me what he said was fat from a black cat that he had killed the night before. I was to suck all day on it to cure my cough!

When I returned from the States in April of this year, I found him still sitting on our doorstep — much more crippled than before and much more unkempt. He had sold all his carpenter's tools to keep himself from starving and was then dependent on the charity of various old clients, such as the Fathers, who like him.

However, the weather got progressively colder; it was the coldest winter we have known here. One morning Pantaleon was sitting on the steps, crying because he was cold. I got him some warm food. It was then that we thought of the Old Folks' Home run by Little Sisters of the Poor in Arequipa. I asked him if he would be willing to go if the Sisters could accept him and he agreed that it would be the best place for him. Through the good offices of our Fathers in Arequipa, the Sisters said that they would be glad to take him.

I told him on Friday and asked him if he would be ready to go on Monday. He said that he would.

Sunday and Monday were two memorable days for Pantaleon and for us! Early Sunday morning, one of the ladies of the parish, who had always been very good to him, went to the market and bought him a coat and trousers, underwear, shoes and stockings, shirts, belt, and a hat. Everything was deposited in our office. About an hour later, Pantaleon came to try on his new

clothes. All were fine except the coat, which was too small; back we went to the market to bargain for a larger one. Off went Pantaleon to say good-by to his many friends, leaving all his new clothes in the office. He promised to be here bright and early Monday morning, after having a bath at the public thermal bath in town.

Monday morning came, and so did Pantaleon. He had had his bath and was ready for his new clothes. He got dressed and went to say good-by to the friends he had missed the day before. If it weren't for the cane, the humped back, and the shuffling walk, I'm sure no one would have recognized him!

The train for Puno comes into Ayaviri at 2:35 P.M. and leaves ten minutes later. Pantaleon was to ride to Puno, where he would be met by an employee of the Padres in Puno, put in a *pension* for the night, and the next morning put on the train for Arequipa. There he would be met by one of the Fathers and taken to the Home.

The train came into the station — but Pantaleon didn't. Frantically, Father Cahill went up one of the streets leading from the station, and I up the other. Finally, with less than five minutes to go, I saw a little, shuffling figure about a block away, coming in the direction of the station and waving good-by on all sides.

I found out later that Pantaleon had told no one where he was going. When asked if he would be back, he said that it would be difficult to say, as he was going to a "new country." ■ ■

# WOMAN

女





# + CHILD = GOOD

## + 子 = 好

BY SISTER JANE IMELDA

■ CHINESE are scattered all over the Orient. We missionaries who know the language and were in China, before Communists showed us the door in no uncertain terms, have gone into exile with our people wherever they may be — Formosa, Hong Kong, or the islands around the Chinese mainland. But we hear from the old mission people now and then. The other day, a small note came through from Hap Hong in Shui Chai. It was he who first taught me that "good" is made up of "woman" and "child."

He was just a mite of a boy — smaller than his eight years warranted, really. And he was in the first grade, learning to write. I was a young Sister, new in China and learning Chinese writing, too. We had much in common.

"Want to help me fix the Christmas Crib in church?" I asked young Hap one Christmas Eve.

"Good!" he said and toddled along with me to church.

We worked together, cleaned the floor, took the statues from the top shelf in the sacristy, arranged the rocks, jiggled the sand and gravel between them, propped the stable up with twigs, and then set about

arranging all the various statues.

Hap was a good boy, but talkative. His remarks resounded all over church, disturbing our parishioners who had come for confessions. I thought of a scheme to kill two birds with one stone.

"Look, Hap," I said, "you and I are both learning how to write. Let's practice writing. You put anything you have to say into Chinese characters. Yes?"

He took a black crayon and wrote "Yes" on the brown paper that had been wrapped around the statues.

After that, it was fun. As we placed the statues on the sod, Hap wrote the character for each: sheep, dog, shepherd, farmer, hay, water, buffalo, donkey. As St. Joseph slipped into position, Hap scratched his head. It was a formidable character, I knew, with plenty of extra dots and dashes. Then he wrote "Great Man" — just right for the head of the house.

I was proud of my little theologian. Blessed Mother was next. "Woman," wrote Hap.

I laid the Christ Child in the straw. The brown paper was all but used up. Hap squeezed "Child" close beside the last one.

"See, see, Sister!" he shouted, forgetting the people in church. "It's good!" ■ ■

**"...GOOD  
TIDINGS OF  
GREAT JOY..."**

*sang the ANGELS  
on that*

**FIRST  
CHRISTMAS  
NIGHT**



There would have been no Christmas without the Woman, blessed among all others, and the Child she bore — the Son of God, the Saviour of the World. The Maryknoll Sister is your messenger taking the GOOD tidings to the spiritually hungry everywhere. Help her to spread the GOOD NEWS.

---

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

This \$..... is my gift to the Blessed Mother and the Child Jesus, to help you make them known to people everywhere.

Name.....

Address.....City.....Zone.....State.....

While I can, I will send \$..... a month to help you bring  
GOOD to others. I realize I can stop this at any time.

# YOLANDA



BY JOSEPH BEAUSOLEIL, M.M.

■ IT WAS Christmas Eve in tropical Bolivia. I had been hearing confessions for over two hours when I was interrupted by a tugging on the curtain in front of me. I opened it and was greeted with,

"Father, this little girl would like to go to confession but she doesn't know enough of her prayers yet."

"Yes, Father," the smaller of the two interjected. "I want to go to confession so I can receive my First Communion at midnight Mass."

"But if you don't know your prayers, you certainly aren't prepared to receive your First Communion."

I asked her a few questions, to find out how much doctrine she knew. I doubted that she was sufficiently prepared. I suggested she wait till morning, so I could make a better investigation. There was little time before midnight Mass, and there were still many people who wished to go to confession.

She replied: "That's good, Father, because I want to get baptized, too. I'll come around then."

This astonished me. "You're not baptized? How old are you?" I asked.

"I am eleven."  
"How did it happen that you haven't received Baptism?"

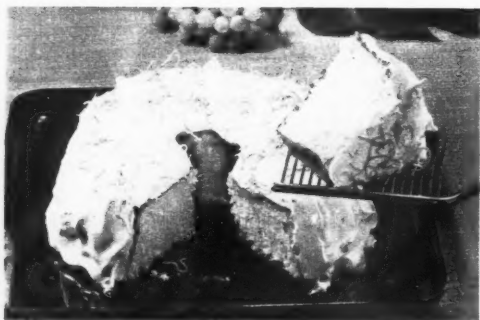
There was silence for a moment, and then her friend came to the rescue. "She's very poor, Father, and lives way out in the country."

Poor kid, I thought. How many more are there like her? Catholics by tradition but deprived of priests, almost completely ignorant of the teachings of their religion. What can we do for them?

Later, when I was distributing Communion at midnight Mass, I saw little Yolanda, as proud as could be, one of the first who wished to receive. I guess she didn't understand. I had to refuse her.

On the next day, Yolanda came again, this time with her sponsors. I found that she knew enough for baptism, but needed more preparation for confession and Communion. With all the babies, I baptized little Yolanda, child of eleven; and she was very, very happy about this.

How long will little ones like Yolanda be deprived of Christ because we who have the Faith take little pains to spread it? ■ ■



**RECIPES  
AROUND  
THE  
WORLD**

# Using Your Oven

■ **FOR** between-meal snacks or tempting desserts, here are three international recipes that are sure to win you friends.

## **LUAU SPONGE CAKE (Hawaii)**

1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour  
1/4 cup sugar  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
5 egg whites  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar  
1/4 cup sugar  
3/4 cup light corn syrup  
5 egg yolks  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract

Mix and sift flour, sugar and salt. Sift twice more. Add cream of tartar to egg whites, and beat until mixture slightly mounds when beater is raised. Beat in sugar. Blend in corn syrup and continue beating

until whites stand in firm peaks. Beat egg yolks until thick; then beat in vanilla and lemon extract. Fold egg yolks into egg-white mixture. Gradually fold in dry ingredients, sifting about 1/4 cup at a time over the surface. Pour batter into ungreased 10" x 4" tube pan. Cut through with knife to remove air spaces. Bake in slow (325°) oven for 50 minutes or until cake springs back lightly when touched with fingers. Invert pan and cool 1 hour before removing. Cover with favorite egg-white frosting over which is sprinkled shredded coconut, toasted light brown.

## **HOT CHEESE PIE (Switzerland)**

1 cup sifted flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup shortening  
3 tablespoons cold water

MARYKNOLL

½ pound real Swiss cheese  
 1 tablespoon flour  
 ¼ cup chopped green onions  
 4 eggs  
 ½ cup milk  
 ½ teaspoon salt  
 ⅛ teaspoon pepper

Sift cup of flour and half teaspoon salt into bowl. Blend in shortening until mixture resembles coarse meal. Stir in cold water with a fork, slowly, using only enough to allow dough to form a ball and follow fork around bowl. Empty onto floured board and roll out to fit 9-inch pie plate. Trim and flute edges. Grate or finely dice the cheese. Mix with tablespoon of flour and onions and spread into pie plate. In a bowl beat the eggs well. Pour over cheese, and bake whole 10 minutes at 425 degrees in pre-heated oven. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue baking until filling sets. Serve hot from oven. As a main dish, serve with crisp cold vegetable salad. (In slender wedges, serve as a dessert.)  
*Yields 4-6 servings.*

### CRANBERRY CORN BREAD (Indian)

1 package corn muffin mix  
 ½ cup whole cranberry sauce

Prepare the corn muffin mix according to directions on package. Pour batter into greased 8" x 8" x 2" pan. Spoon cranberry sauce on top of batter and swirl in. Bake according to package directions. Delicious for picnics and as special Thanksgiving treat.

DECEMBER, 1958



## CHRISTMAS CAKE

■ *One of our readers, Mrs. Floyd Scharte, of Findlay, Ohio, sent us this lovely idea, which we think worthy of being passed on:*

Our Christmas cake is a round four-layer (cake-mix type), and the layers — white, pink, yellow and chocolate — represent the four races of mankind. Over and between goes a fluffy white icing to show how God's love binds all His creatures to each other and to Him. Around the edge goes a wreath of green mint gumdrops (leaf-shaped) to simulate holly, interspersed with red candy "berries."

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JESUS, 1958" is written on the cake to show how long ago He was born. In the center goes a tiny baby doll from the five-and-ten, lying on a bed of toasted coconut to resemble straw. Nearby is a votive candle. We don't put it on the cake because God has no age to be counted but we have it near to remind us that Christ is the Light of the World.

We all sing "Happy Birthday" to Jesus at dessert time. The smallest child capable blows out the candle and gets the Baby Jesus doll. Then we sit down to a dessert of cake and ice cream.

■ ■

# Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

## Responsibility

Congratulations on your article, "Getting the Parents to Teach Religion." You put the responsibility right where it belongs. People today want others to do their work. Parents think that the school teacher and priest are the only ones to educate their children but as you pointed out, the responsibility for religious instruction doesn't belong to the priest but to the parents. If more mothers and fathers accepted this truth we wouldn't have so many religious illiterates or juvenile delinquents. The Church is made or broken in the home, and that goes for our country, too.

JOHN P. LE BLANC

Providence, R. I.

## Suggestion

I have a suggestion to pass along to any of your readers who may be planning office Christmas parties. Last year the employees of Avien, Inc., here in Woodside, voted to forego their annual Christmas party and send the money to help underprivileged children. Our Christmas Committee divided \$3,000 between the Jewish Child Care Association, International Guiding Eyes, the Maryknoll Fathers, and several others. We didn't miss our party but I'm willing to bet the kids you helped would have missed something if we did have the party.

NAME WITHHELD

Woodside, N. Y.

## Vocations

Here's a little poem I wrote that you may like to publish.

### MOTHERS' PRAYERS

Build a chain of mothers' prayers the whole world to embrace,  
Ask God our Father in heaven to fill our hearts with grace  
That we may know His holy will is ever being done  
When He reaches out to gently touch a daughter or a son,  
Calling them to follow Him as the Apostles did of old  
To find and bring each lost sheep back into the fold.  
Ask His blessed Mother to show us the way  
To turn each lonely hour of every lonely day  
Into a prayer of hope that their work be not in vain —  
From each link of mothers' prayers build a strong firm chain.

KATHLEEN KEMP

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

## Confidence

My husband is graduating from John Hopkins University in June. We have one child and are expecting another. Our only income is \$160 a month from the G.I. Bill. This isn't much to get along on these days. Last year when we didn't know where we were going to get \$1,000 for my husband's tuition, we sent \$5 to Maryknoll to help a needy child. A

MARYKNOLL

few weeks later my husband won a fellowship worth \$3,000. My husband's high-school record and elementary-school record were very poor. If anyone would have told us when he started college that he was going to do so well, we would have laughed. But we believe that God has a plan for us and it is all His doing. I know that Maryknoll prayers are answered. Instead of giving Christmas presents to each other this year, we are sending the money to you.

NAME WITHHELD

Baltimore

### Query

Will you tell me if the publication, *The Christophers*, is Catholic? The director, Father Keller, uses M.M. after his name. Does your order publish it? We welcome only Catholic literature in our home. Thanks a million.

RACHEL CAMPOS

El Paso, Texas

■ *Father Keller is a Maryknoller and while the work of the Christophers is not under Maryknoll but Cardinal Spellman, its very laudable purpose is to encourage each person to make a constructive effort to restore the love and truth of Christ to the world.*

### Providence

I received my last issue of MARYKNOLL and was wondering if I could see my way through the following week if I renewed my subscription. Then that afternoon while coming home from work, as I was crossing the street, I spotted a strip of paper with a number on it. I picked it up and it was a dollar bill folded just the way I am sending it to you. Only the good Lord knows how many cars passed over it. But it seems

that it was just waiting there for me to find and send to you. God always finds a way to help us in our needs.

MRS. JOSEPH J. ROULIAS

Bloomfield, N. J.

### Questionnaire

Have you ever dreamed of being a movie star? Maybe God has given you good talent. Like the ability to sing. There are two ways of using such a talent. First, to be another movie star. Or second, to teach children to sing. How much better to use your talent to teach foreign children to sing! And then to go to heaven. God needs talented persons. Could one of them be you? I am writing this because I am twelve years of age and am interested in being a nun.

KATHLEEN MCGEE

Milwaukee

### Remembrance

I am not a Catholic but I read your magazine. My contribution is small but use it to supply penicillin for Korea. I was there as an Army infantryman. Some of the things Korean civilians, particularly children, had to do to live were not pleasant. I have seen the little hungry ones eat small, live, green frogs.

WILLIAM M. BUSHART, A/1C

McConnell AFB, Kans.

### Big Problem

I have a big problem. You priests have lots of experience so maybe you can tell me the answer. My girl won't set a date to get married. She says that I'm the only one and that she wants to get married and we've been engaged three years. How do I pin her down?

NAME WITHHELD

Boston



## SPECIAL MISSION NEEDS

Formosa	—	Taichung dispensary	\$2,000
Japan	—	Jeep for missionary	2,000
Chile	—	Mission chapel	1,800
Peru	—	Mission chapel	1,500
Bolivia	—	School classroom	1,000
Korea	—	House for catechist	600
Formosa	—	Convent infirmary	500
Bolivia	—	100 Spanish Bibles	250
Africa	—	Two altars, each	100



**MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York**

I enclose \$..... for ..... in .....  
Request the missionary and his people to pray for me.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



# BLACK RIVER

BY THOMAS J. HIGGINS, M.M.

■ BERNARDINO Mamani is a saddle maker by trade; he has a small potato-and-kinua farm in Yanamayo (Black River). This settlement is treeless and some 500 feet higher than Puno's 12,500 feet altitude; it is a rendezvous for any wind coming up from the lake or down off the mountains. It is home for about a hundred Quechua families.

When I heard that Manuelito, his two-year-old son, had died of whooping cough, and that his three other children were sick, I hurried over to see what could be done. I found that Silveria, his nine-year-old daughter and Pedro, his baby son, were seriously ill. "Bernardino," I said, "why don't you take your children to see a doctor?"

Bernardino retorted: "Padre, it would cost too much money. Injections for the children would cost about twenty *soles* (one dollar)."

This is quite an irritating answer to one whose home experience has taught to save no expense when any loved one is at death's door. But Bernardino has his own thoughts.

So I said, "You'd lose twenty *soles* — but your children would live. If they die, you will buy them

cheap caskets for about fifty *soles* apiece. Then you'll drown your sorrows in alcohol, worth fifty *soles*. For just twenty *soles*, you can avoid that sorrow and expense."

The word expense was the important one for Bernardino. He told me he had never thought about it in that way. Finally he agreed to let me take the children to the doctor at the baby center. Bernardino had his suspicions even after Doctor Bernejo examined the children without charge. However, he was all but befuddled when I explained to him that the eight capsules of Duremycin which the children had received, cost eighty *soles*. Still Bernardino had yet to part with a centavo. The children are recovering.

Like the swift winds that sweep across the pampa, word soon got around to other Yanamayo families. The whooping-cough epidemic this year killed only eight children.

Sometimes I wish I were a doctor. At other times I wish I were a millionaire so as to buy all the medicines needed. But neither could enjoy the privilege of the Indians' wholehearted confidence in their Padre. ■ ■

# WANT ADS



**The House That "Jack" Built.** Poor pun for a rich undertaking. In Peru, our missionaries need \$10,000 to build a convent for the Sisters who work with them, to take Christ to the Indians in the Andes.

**Mass and Church Needs in Chile.** You may donate for a whole year, for one chapel, any of these items: 1. Mass wine and hosts, \$50; 2. Mass candles, \$50; 3. Tabernacle, \$250; 4. Christmas Crib, \$75; 5. Set of altar cloths, \$30; 6. Altar boy's cassock and surplice, \$10. Christmas is a good time to give a birthday present to the Christ Child.

**Air-borne Church?** Land needed for a church in refugee-crowded Taichung, Formosa, is priced at \$2,000. Your 50c or \$50 will help give Our Lord a few feet of land among His Chinese.

**Catcher's** mitts, second baseman's gloves, and all kinds of athletic equipment can help our missionaries in Japan to win youth. Calling all good sports to help with \$1, \$10 or \$100.

**Beans for Benito.** Maryknoll Padres in Chile wish to place food in the mouths of poor children. A dime or a dollar will help perform this work of mercy.

**Ten Sets of Vestments** can be donated for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in Maryknoll missions of Central America. Cost is \$25 a set.

**A Converting Machine?** Our missionaries try to reach hundreds of thousands of displaced persons in Hong Kong, with the security of our holy Faith. A movie projector and screen could bring instruction to the most, fastest, for \$575.

**Four In One.** In Korea, one missionary plans to build a centrally located chapel to be used by four villages; \$2,200 will do it. Will you contribute to the bargain building?

**Tidal Wave** describes the flood of converts in the Miaoli territory, Formosa. We must employ more catchism teachers to handle the crowds. Baptisms are in direct proportion to the number of teachers to give instructions. The salary of each is \$25 a month. Do you care to help?

**The Missioners' Tools** as proposed by Our Lord, are the corporal works of mercy which provide for food, drink, clothing, shelter, health, freedom, burial. The Maryknoll Charity Fund quickly supplies these works of mercy to the needy in time of disaster or emergency. Can you spare the price of a meal for our fund?

Donations to Maryknoll are deductible for Federal Income Tax purposes. Thus does our Government encourage your charity to help the missions and to help yourself.

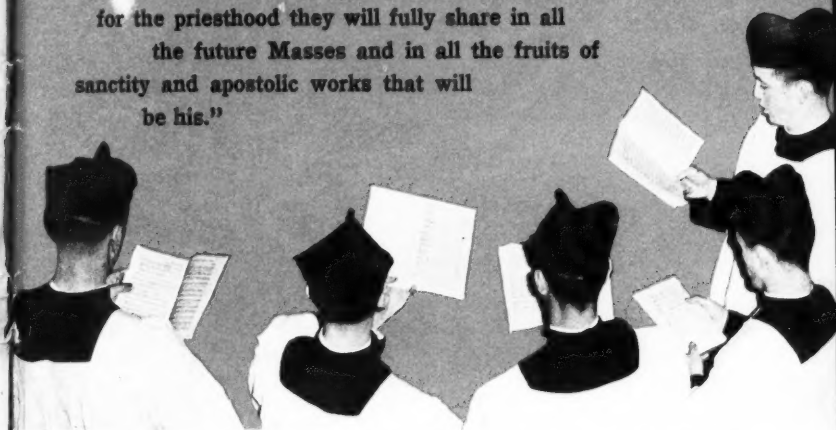




# What will you receive if you help a young man become a priest?

There is no surer word in this world than  
that of our Holy Father. And Pius XII has said:

"If the faithful help even one candidate  
for the priesthood they will fully share in all  
the future Masses and in all the fruits of  
sanctity and apostolic works that will  
be his."



**The Maryknoll choir sings to awaken seminarians for midnight Mass.**

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## THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Fathers,

Since priests are all too few in mission lands, I wish to make a sacrifice to  
help a young American become a Maryknoll missionary.

- ☐ I enclose \$..... toward the \$750 needed each year to train  
a missionary.
- ☐ I wish to send \$..... each month to help train a missionary.  
Please send me a monthly reminder.

My Name .....

My Address .....

City.....Zone.....State.....

# People are Interesting!

First Martyr  
in the U.S.

## Missioners of America

The first martyr in the United States was Juan de Padilla, a Franciscan priest who was put to death in 1542 when ambushed by savage Indians in central Kansas.



1. Father de Padilla arrived in Mexico in 1528 to act as chaplain to the Spanish occupation troops.



2. After two years of this he asked permission to be a missionary to savage Indian



3. For nine years he worked among Mexico's Indians. In 1540, Father de Padilla crossed the Rio Grande.



4. He traveled back and forth from Texas to Kansas preaching the word of God to the tribes of the plains.



5. In 1542 while on the way to the Wichita Indians, he was captured near Lyons, Kansas, and put to death.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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J.S.

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